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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1855.

THE Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

We should be obliged to our weekly exchanges if they would place us on the footing of the monthlies in the matter of notices.

REV. LUCIUS CRANDALL is authorized to travel and obtain subscriptions for THE CRAYON.

Sketchings.

THE TITIAN AND CLAUDE.

We would repeat, by way of prefacing the discussion below, that we speak with a deference to the, perhaps, better knowledge of those who maintain the genuineness of the Danaë in the Athenæum. We have a high respect for the opinion of William Page—none can have a higher without having none of their own—and for Mr. Akers, as one of the subtlest thinkers on Art of modern times, we have a consideration which would have made us defer to him on any matter in which our feeling was less strong than on this. With all respect to all opposed, we must beg leave to remind them, as well as ourselves, firstly, that all men are liable to error, and to build ideal shells around most unideal objects (and in this respect artists particularly); and secondly, that numbers opposed do not make a position weaker. Our opinion is but an opinion; but until proved false, it is as good as any other, though maintained by any number of persons. William Page is really the man who holds the opinion opposed to us, and it is possible that he might convince us of our "error" in the matter. But we will defer to no man who is not a practical artist. Facts, however, are conclusive, and should they be adduced, we shall be glad to admit that the picture is really a Titian.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

GENTLEMEN:—To answer your article of July 11th, under the head of "Old Masters," as it well deserves to be answered, considering the importance of the question at issue, would require more time and space than you or I now have to spare. A few hints may be a help, nevertheless, for future reference.

With the Claude, about which I expected to have some trouble, you appear to be satisfied, even while you greatly undervalue it as a work of art; and therefore, notwithstanding your error, in saying, "it is not a study of morning twilight at all, but of broad daylight under an overcast sky," the little I have to say may be left for the P. S.

Let us take up the Danaë, therefore, and see what were the distinguishing characteristics of Titian at the time of the *Flora*. And then, the *Flora* (of the Uffizi palace) being undisputed, and of the highest authority, let us take that very painting for our standard.

"Titian," you say, "was not only a great colorist—his *drawing* was also *masterly*."—another portentous error, unless you refer to the works of his old age, when he had lost his eye for color, and was obliged to depend upon form; and you finish by saying, "The Danaë in the Athenæum of Boston is full of errors, both in linear drawing and modelling, errors so gross that we are sure that if Titian had, by any misapplication of his senses, produced such a piece of work, he would have destroyed it instantly that he recovered the right use of his eyes." * * * "We are quite satisfied the Danaë is not by Titian."

To this I answer—Very well. I take issue with you

upon these very points, and am prepared to show upon the highest authority, that Titian's drawing at the time of the *Flora*, and while he was actually employed upon a Danaë, was far from being *masterly*; and what is more, that the distinguishing characteristics of the *Flora*, the Danaë, and other contemporaneous pictures, even to the very faults you complain of in the drawing, though you do not specify them, are to be found in this very "Danaë of the Boston Athenæum;" and then, that I may not be misunderstood, I undertake to say, that no judge of pictures, familiar with the works of Titian, would ever think of doubting the authorship of Danaë in its present condition—the very errors being but so many marks of unquestionable authenticity; and that the "best judges of ancient art" you happen "to be acquainted with," to say nothing of your "connoisseur friend," so much more familiar with the Italian schools than you are, while they agree with you in saying "We are quite satisfied that the Danaë is not by Titian," show the worth of their opinions, first, by talking about the "masterly drawing" of Titian, and next, by allowing this Danaë to be called a *Tiepolo*! without losing all patience and courtesy. Why not call it a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Salvator Rosa? Tiepolo lived more than two hundred years after Titian, was a follower and close imitator of Battista Piazzetta for a time, and then of Paolo Veronese, and was chiefly distinguished at last as a *fresco painter*. He had little or nothing in common with Titian, beyond the simple fact that he was called the last of the Venetian school, and was at one period remarkable, not for the softness and truthfulness, but for the *splendor* of his coloring, and for the breadth of light and shade.

And now for the proof as to the "masterly drawing" of Titian. You have undoubtedly heard of the inscription upon the wall of Tintoretto's painting room—"Il disegno di Michael Angelo, e il colorito di Tiziano": the drawing of Michael Angelo, and the coloring of Titian. Here we have pretty good contemporaneous authority—have we not? (1)

Next, we have the testimony of Michael Angelo himself, and of his biographer, Vasari, to this very point; and at the very time of the Danaë and *Flora*.

According to Vasari, Michael Angelo paid Titian a visit while he was painting the Danaë, and repeating that wonderful portrait of Paul III. (sitting between the Cardinal Farnese and the Prince Ottavio) and "after expressing his admiration of the coloring, he lamented that the Venetian painters paid so little attention to design." The word here translated *design*, which is equivocal in English, ought to have been rendered *drawing*; from *il disegno—delineazione—designare*. By all writers and commentators, who mention the anecdote, however the language may be varied, it has been so understood.

Let a doubt should remain, however, upon this point, we will put Sir Joshua Reynolds upon the stand; a competent and sympathizing judge, for he too, was a fine colorist, and poor draughtsman. "Raffaello and Titian," he says, "seem to have looked at nature for different purposes; they both had the power of extending their view to the whole; but one looked at the general effect produced by form, the other as produced by color." We cannot refuse to Titian the merit of attending to the general form of the objects as well as color; but his deficiency lay—a deficiency at least when he is compared with Raffaello—in not possessing the power of correcting the form of his model by any general idea of beauty in his own mind."

Here we have a key to the whole mystery. Titian copied what he saw with astonishing faithfulness—but he could not change, nor embellish. Hence the ideal women of Titian are all alike. They are portraits; and the very faults of his model are doated on, and repeated, and perpetuated, as if they were the distinguishing charms of a beloved mistress. Nor do we find such infatuation very rare. The late Stuart Newton repeated the crossed feet of the girl who jilted him and ran off with a dancing-master, over and over again, just as Leslie and others have multiplied their wives and sweethearts, like Raffaello and Rubens, till the world is full of them.

But, with the women of Titian, we have not only the same countenance and look, (2) but the very same features—a peculiar mouth, for example, great breadth between the eyes, and the same hair, the same hands, bust, neck and feet, through all the shifting phantasmagoria of years—nay, the same pearls in the ears, repeated in the Danaë, the Bella Donna, the Dresden Venus, and in the girl of the Dora palace; just as we have the village of his birth, Capo del Cadore, introduced into his Peter martyr, into the Dresden Venus, into the Presentation in the Temple, into a portrait of the Camuccini gallery, and into the Danaë of the Boston Athenæum.

But we have not yet done with the "masterly drawing" of Titian, upon which you so confidently rely.

"This wonderful man," says Burnet, in his *Hints on Painting*, while occupied with this very question, and referring to the same anecdote of Michael Angelo, "after having seen a picture by Titian, told Vasari, who accompanied him, that he liked much his coloring and manner, but he added that it was a pity the Venetian painters did not learn to draw correctly, in their early youth, and adopt a better manner of study."

"The Venetian method," says Bryan, "was to paint everything without the preparation of a drawing." * * * "A genial feeling for color, rather than a correct principle of composition, induced him to make prominent the most beautiful parts of his figures, as affording the best masses and the boldest relief."

And there were capital reasons for this brave neglect of Titian. He chose to represent shape, or form, by

moulding the masses of light, detaching them by heavy transparent shadows, and by giving plumpness and springiness to the flesh; paying little attention to anatomical details, and not bothering himself with minutiae of any kind, for the reasons that follow.

"It is to Titian," says Sir Joshua, "that we must turn our eyes to find excellence with regard to color, and light and shade in the highest degree. He was both the first and greatest master of this art"—and never successfully imitated or counterfeited, therefore, "By a few strokes, he knew how to mark the general image and character of whatever object he attempted; and by this alone, gave a truer representation than his master, Giovanni Belli, or any of his predecessors, who finished every hair." (3) His great care was to express the general color; to preserve the masses of light and shade, and to give by opposition the idea of that solidity which is inseparable from natural objects. When these are preserved, though the work should possess no other merit, it will have, in a proper place, its complete effect; but where any of these are wanting, however labored the picture may be in detail, the whole will have a false, and even an unfinished appearance, at whatever distance, or in whatever light it can be shown.

And now for another step—you being satisfied, of course, about the "masterly drawing" of Titian.

That the Danaë under review was painted by somebody about the time of the *Flora*—and, of course, by somebody so like Titian as to be capable of deceiving some of the best living judges—even Page himself—is clear.

In the first place, it happens to be painted on the Titian canvas—a fine twilled cloth of a peculiar texture—always used by Titian, and never by anybody else—and actually woven for him. (4) It appears, indeed, to be a part of the same web as that on which the *Flora*, the Bella Donna, and the Magdalena are painted. Over the original canvas, two others were pasted of a later age; the first a Venetian, and the last a Bolognese; and though now relined to strengthen it, enough is left of the original uncovered to satisfy all inquirers. Nor must we overlook the significant circumstance that this original canvas, of the Boston Danaë, is coated with gesso, or plaster, as all Titian's pictures are, the practice having originated with the Venetians of that day.

Thus far the testimony is conclusive—is it not? (5) Is it not clearly established by these facts, that whatever may be the merits of the picture, it was painted by somebody about the time of the *Flora*?

But who was that somebody? We have no record of any painter, in any age, capable of counterfeiting Titian; nor of any painter liable to have his works mistaken for Titian's—have we not? (6)

And now to the point. I say, without any qualification, or doubt, or misgiving, that the Danaë of the Boston Athenæum was not only painted by Titian himself; but that it is fuller of Titian's living and burning peculiarities of touch and treatment, as in the transparent thinness of his shadows and the sprightliness of his catching lights, than any other picture out of Madrid; and that no other living man, from that day to this, could have painted such a picture.

Yet more—it is probably a copy by Titian himself of the very picture mentioned by him in his letter to Philip II. where he speaks of sending his majesty a new Danaë, differing from that which he had painted seven years before, "which was seen entirely in front." (7)

And now for some of the distinguishing characteristics of the *Flora*, and other paintings of that day, by Titian—which are to be found in our Danaë.

At the time of the *Flora*, Titian always brought up his heads into the light, as you find it in this Danaë, and the strongest light was thrown upon the forehead. After this time, he dropped the head into half tint, and threw the focus upon the breast, as in the Venus of the Tribune. This fact of itself goes far to establish the time; but, coupled with the canvas, would be, and ought to be, conclusive. And yet there is another little fact worth mentioning, perhaps. There is no name, no mark, no monogram, to be found on this Danaë—nor upon any picture of Titian's at the time of the *Flora*. Not long afterwards—fifteen years perhaps—he put his name at full length on everything he painted.

But to particulars: Compare the roses of both pictures—of this Danaë and the *Flora*. Are they not identical? Did any other man ever paint such roses? a touch and a sparkle—and they are finished. Both have the same dewy freshness, and the same unlabored truthfulness; much as if they were created for the occasion by the simple act of his will, as if the very canvas had flowered under his touch.

And then, just look at the hair. In the *Flora*, as in our Danaë. We have the sharp lights of ochre, touched into the half shadows—a sort of transparent wash—illuminating the whole mass, and yet leaving it loose, and silky, and shining, after a fashion that was never imitated, nor even copied, so well as to satisfy any devout lover of Titian. A copy of the *Flora*, by Rembrandt Peale, now in the possession of Mrs. Henry Robinson, of New York, will give a pretty fair idea of the original.

And the drapery of both pictures: The whites in both are brought up to a half light. And never higher. Before the time of the *Flora*, though his lights fluctuated, and were sometimes carried away so high as to kill the flesh, they were generally above the half light. While, after the time of the *Flora*, this never happened.

Observe the sharpness of the folds, even in the strongest lights, of both pictures, and the astonishing thinness and transparency of tint, as if washed in water-colors instead of oil—a manner characteristic of Titian at the

time of the Flora, and at *no other times*, and wholly beyond the power of counterfeiters, though imitated by Rubens in his phantom lions and panthers, which you can see through. In the Bella Donna and Magdalena, for example, we have much more body.

Look now at the shadows, particularly the shadows of the white drapery in both. If you are familiar with the originals, you must acknowledge a seeming identity here: one of the peculiarities of Titian which has never been well imitated, nor even well copied, perhaps, till Page made a business of it, and threw his whole heart and soul into the work, and thereby accomplished the wonders we see—wonders not of imitation, however, but of patient, slow, and truthful, though impassioned translation.

And the jewels. How wonderfully Titianesque. In the Danae of the Boston Athenæum we have the very same treatment you find in the Queen of Sheba, of the Uffizzi Palace, and in the Bella Donna of the Pitti Palace; and if we study the cotton tassels, the wrought Venetian gold, the carrying round of that red from the young love to the ruby in the bracelet of our Danaë, we must acknowledge that they are essentially characteristic of Titian, and of *nobody else*.

And then, the composition: the breadth of light and the supporting shadow. Observe how the light is carried round the figures; and how the head comes out, and the hair, by the help of that slumberous, heavy crimson, so peculiar to Titian, and to be found in all his pictures, *and no where else*.

The plate-bearer in this Danaë is no other than the turbaned Turk in the Tribute Money.

And now for the errors of drawing complained of. They are found in all Titian's master-pieces. In the left leg of Ariadne (Bacchus and Ariadne, of the National Gallery), look at the drawing of the calf; of the right arm at the wrist, of the *Titian Venus*; at the Magdalena of the Pitti Palace; at the Graces, or the Sacred and Profane Love, in the Barbarine* Palace, and compare the drawing of the breasts, and especially of the centres, in all, and then say if the faults complained of are not so common as to be characteristic of Titian; and so much alike, as to render it certain that they were all copied from the same living model, with a few unimportant variations; which model, according to Sir Joshua, Titian "was unable to correct by any general idea of beauty in his own mind." (S)

But further, and yet more particularly. Observe the moulding of the bosom in all these pictures: the unreasonable breadth of chest, the shape of the shoulder-blades, the drawing from the neck up. They are all counterparts of this very Danaë, coincidences absolutely inconceivable, upon the supposition of any other than contemporaneous authorship, by some other painter so like Titian as to be almost undistinguishable, and with the same living and breathing model before him—Titian's mistress herself!

Two or three points more, and I have done. Look into the eyes of our Danaë. You find no color in the pupils—nothing but a thin glaze, over black. Who but Titian ever did this? In the Pope Paul III., now in the Camuccini Gallery of Rome, and in other works of that day by Titian, there is a strange, peculiar red, floating over the drapery and shadows—over the shadows of the back part of the head, for example, so thin that if examined with a magnifying-glass in the sun, they appear to be nothing more than a very slight wash; and there is always a thin yellowish glazing over the negative or black, with alternations of color, and the yellow glaze for a finish: all characteristic of Titian, and *all to be found in this Danaë*.

You say, "there are, doubtless, many things in this picture which Titian *might have done*; but also many things which it seems impossible that he could have done." Let me ask you what these are. (S) Be as frank with me as I am with you, and I will undertake to satisfy you upon every point, or I am indeed greatly mistaken. At my age, and with my knowledge of pictures, I have no desire to be talked about in the newspapers, nor to palm off a blundering imposition upon our people—of that you may be sure. I am willing to abide the consequences of all I say; and all I ask is a fair field, and no favor; "a clean hearth, a good fire, and the rigor of the game."

And now, that I may not be misunderstood, unless you are able to point out some faults, or peculiarities, overlooked by me, I am ready to maintain, either at home or abroad, that the alleged faults of this Danaë, are so essentially characteristic of Titian, that if they were not found in this picture, being painted at the time it was, that alone would prove the painting not to be his. And why? Because all the pictures by Titian of that time *had these very faults*.

You acknowledge he loses color as he runs into light, and you complain of the want of relief, or flatness, in Danaë. But he loses color in running into shadow—and there never was a flatter picture of any great reputation than the Flora. (9)

And then, too, you cannot "find a particle of the dignity and gravity of his heads." What on earth are you thinking of? Not surely of nymphs and Venuses, but rather of senatorial portraits—of your "potent, grave, and reverend signors," for which Titian is also renowned. You have certainly never seen the Venus of the Tribune, the Dresden Venus, the Flora, nor any other of the mythological women he delighted in picturing, for they are all alike—twin sisters at the furthest, and almost always but different views of the same face. (10)

And now a word or two of the Claude which you underrate so shamefully. How could you!

* Borghese.

Your first error, in my judgment, is one of the strangest I ever heard of. You say the Claude is not a *morning twilight* at all, but *broad daylight* under an overcast sky; and so without direct sunlight, and, of course, *without any shadows*. Have you really seen the picture yourself, and with your own eyes?

The Claude is just what I have called it—and nothing else. "A Study of the Roman Campagna, at early Morning." The light on the tower, the reflection in the water, and the light on the house at the end of the bridge, clearly showing where the sun is, and the gradations of drawing in the distance, most wonderful for their truth, prove it to be a study of early morning, beyond all question. (11)

But, after acknowledging the genuineness of the picture, you have the hardihood (!) to speak of it as comparatively worthless; of which I hope to make you heartily ashamed hereafter; and you say, "though it is painted *up at once*"—another strange mistake, for it is most carefully and elaborately made out, and the distant mountains are drawn over three several times—"in a manly, unaffected style," it "is low in tone, and very cold in color" (no colder than others by Claude; that, for example, of a sea-port, in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome; it is only greyer than most of his great pictures) *without any of the characteristic qualities* which his pictures have, except a delicacy in the management of the sky, and close attention to the gradation of the distances."

But you find in it "no grace of composition." Probably not, as the picture is not a composition, but a study, or portrait—a likeness of the Campagna funded for after use. And right well did he continue to use it, year after year. They have one picture in Germany made up from this very study, the engraving of which is now in the French collection. There is another in France, also engraved, where you are beyond the bridge, and looking toward it, and toward St. Peter's, up the Tiber, in which Poussin's tower comes in large. And the mountains here sketched, the Sabian, are to be found in no less than four of his great pictures—all going to show the value of the study to Claude himself.

And here I must stop. You shall have the pictures at New York, without charge, before they go abroad, that you may have an opportunity of reviewing your rash judgment.

Respectfully, I am, &c. &c.

JOHN NEAL.

Portland, July 17, 1855.

REPLY.

1. Mr. Neal will remember, that while we did not claim for Titian any preëminence in drawing, in the higher sense of the term, *i. e.*, the ability to idealize the human figure, or command of it with reference to proportion and perfection simply. We said that his drawing was masterly, and this means no more than that he drew in a masterly manner, and, in the main correctly, what was before him. This Mr. Neal goes on to prove for us kindly, by the quotation from Sir Joshua, and by his subsequent assertion, that "Titian *copied* what he saw with astonishing faithfulness."

2. Here we take issue. The Danaë has *not* the same look. Instead of the universal gravity of Titian's faces, and particularly of the pictures in which his mistress has been used as a model, it has an insane, vapid face to us, and this in spite of what Mr. Akers has found in it, and which he so glowingly expresses in his article on the picture. With due deference, we fear he has found what he would have given it rather than what it has.

3. "Masterly drawing," is not this?

4. It would seem idle for a man to attempt seriously to prove the genuineness of a picture by its canvas. If Titian could get a peculiar canvas, why should not some one else get a piece woven? And we know that it is not uncommon for enthusiastic artists to go to such a length in their following of their masters' processes as even to insist on the quality of hair in their brushes; and what can be more likely than that some one should believe Titian's canvas requisite to make him a second Titian. And as to the *gesso*, which also prevents the adoption of this process by any one, if we know

it, why not his nearer followers? All this proves nothing except with the merest circumstantial power.

5. Therefore we reply, no, only *conclusive* that Titian's processes and manner, at the date of painting the Flora, had been very closely imitated by somebody.

6. Have we *not*? Have we no instances of pictures purchased as Titian's, and proved not to be so? Have we no cases at present of disputed authenticity of pictures?

7. Even if it were proved, *rather than conjectured*, that it were a copy of the supposed picture, we should only be inclined to believe that it was a copy by a subsequent artist, which hypothesis would entirely satisfy Mr. Akers' position, and would not invalidate ours, since all the qualities of color he treats of would be found without the very qualities of Titian we miss, the subtlety of modeling and gravity of character we find in the Flora and Venus, and which even an engraving will show.

8. The drawing of the body of the Danaë in the abdominal region is so grossly erroneous, as to give the appearance of a deformity almost inconceivable, and which has nothing to do with errors copied from any model, and which, if existing in one, would require the correction rather of the surgeon than the draughtsman. The head of the child is nearly as bad, and if Mr. Neal had drawn as many figures from life as we have, he would not ask us "what the errors were?"

9. A man deeply acquainted with pictures would not have misunderstood us here. The flatness of Titian is a comparative term, applied to modelling, which gives perfect fullness of form within a very small scale of light and shade, and indeed an incorrect term, though often used with reference to Titian's pictures. It should be breadth. Titian's forms are always full and round, and yet always broad, and thus it often became necessary to make the gradations with great subtlety, and this he accomplished as no other man has ever done it; yet his forms, less than any other man's, perhaps, seem *flat*.

10. The artist always represents himself in his pictures, and thus Titian's are always earnest, dignified both in character and treatment, and in his pictures of this character, we cannot recall a single face which is not at least noticeably dignified rather than vacant:

11. The Claude was most assuredly studied, as we stated, as any landscape painter will admit, who has painted a picture from nature in the light of an overcast day. We have done it, and when Mr. Neal has, we will balance assertions with him. We have not the picture here to refer to, but are confident of our impression. The quality of the sky makes this supposition necessary, and if sunlight were introduced in a dozen places after the study was painted, it would not make it a sunlight picture. The general light and shade of the picture is possible under such a thinly clouded luminous sky, and under no other, so that either the picture is false, or it is painted as we say.

12. With regard to its general merits, Mr. Neal admits all that we said, viz., that it was simply a study from nature, and worth no more than one. It is a likeness of the "Campagna," in a phase not at all attractive, painted without any of the poetical feeling attributed to Claude—in fact, an awkward little corner to be used as a part of a picture. We have yet to learn that any artist's sketches are of equal value with his pictures, on which he has studied and labored in many ways. This was, doubtless, very valuable to Claude, but not necessarily equally so to us.

We are not going to discuss the question of Claude's excellences—it would require much space to do ourselves justice on the topic, more than we can spare after so long a disquisition.

As to the matter of the authenticity of pictures, we place more value on the impressions of a man of fine feeling than on any collateral testimony derived from canvases, panels, etc., or anything else except the direct, historical evidence, which, in the case of the Danaë, is entirely wanting. We gave the name of Tiepolo only as a suggestion by one whose opinion we have learned to respect as an amateur, and thoroughly schooled in ancient Art—it may go for what it is worth; if he saw fit, he could probably defend his position by as many arguments as Mr. Neal has his.

We beg pardon of our readers for the length of this discussion; but we wish to be just both to others and to ourselves.

MAGAZINES.—Putnam's Monthly for August is an uncommonly interesting number. Without specifying any one article, the whole are valuable, and make up a more instructive *mélange* than usual. We would especially refer the reader to the Editorial Notes. We give the contents of the number as follows:—Turkish Wars of Former Times.—My Lost Youth.—The Bell Tower.—Unknown Tongues.—About Babies.—Life among the Mormons.—The River Fisheries of North America.—Cape Cod.—First Friendship.—Living in the Country.—Sir John Suckling.—Twice Married (Continued).—The Armies of Europe.—Editorial Notes.

The *Knickerbocker* has an atmosphere of antiquity about it, which always makes it a welcome visitor. The August number just came in time for us to acknowledge its receipt; it looks inviting, and promises a store of entertainment for readers of taste and leisure.

Household Words, contains a number of miscellaneous articles, any one of which repays the few moments' time it takes to read it. It is a kind of mosaic, full of many colors, with the name of Charles Dickens as a background for it to relieve upon, and to preserve it "for all time."

Arthur's Home Magazine, after passing the line engraving, we have looked into with pleasure. It is intended for the home circle—its fashion plates making it acceptable to all ladies who are interested in such matters, and the moral tone and literary merit of its reading matter making it welcome to any member of a family.

WEEKLIES.—The agricultural papers are full of interest. The *Country Gentleman* we prize as one of the most entertaining papers we take out of a wrapper. *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, with its good woodcuts and readable miscellany

must be a valuable instructor in every farmer's family it goes into. *The American Agriculturist*, as well as those we have named above, opens for us a new field of interest, by showing the variety and depth of thought which the science agriculture calls out. If the information conveyed through these papers does not, in the course of a few years, result in keeping boys at home on the farm, instead of seeking a livelihood in crowded cities, we are mistaken in the effect of positive knowledge upon the active and practical minds of our American youth.

PROF. MONTI delivered his Fifth Lecture on Ancient and Modern Sculpture on Wednesday. His subject this time was Early Christian Art; having in the last lecture brought us down to the total decline of Greek Art, as displayed in the miserable shapeless figures on the Arch of Constantine. Pagan Art, the lecturer said, dealt with the external world:—Christian with the internal feeling. The one delighted in the material:—the other in the immaterial. The fear of idolatry and the necessity of concealment drove the Christian sculptors of the Catacombs to resort to symbolism—to represent Christ as the Shepherd, surrounded by the eagle and the bull and other types of the Evangelists. Sometimes he was represented as treading upon Sin, or having beneath him spirits supposed to preside over earth and water. The expression of Christ's face—at first a simple representation of contemporary Romans—grew rapidly more divine; although early Christian Art was imitative and timid. In Byzantine Art, as seen in ancient diptychs of the time of Justinian, the later conventionalism and severity have scarcely yet set in. The robes are formal, but flowing, and the expression of the face is good. The Art of Constantinople was affected, even as late as the Sassanides, by the remains of Greek Art still existing in Asia. The diagrams exhibited were chiefly tombs from the Catacombs and specimens of early Byzantine Art.—*Athenæum*.

THE eminent Düsseldorf engraver, Herr Theodore Janssen, has executed an engraving after one of the last pictures of the late lamented Hasenclever, representing the jovial painter himself, with a humor and an abandon which are quite delightful, reminding us, in a manner, of the self-representations of the jolly Dutch masters of the olden time. We see Hasenclever in his studio; before him stands the easel, with a canvas exhibiting the first outlines of his famous picture of 'Die Weinprobe,'—near him a cask, with bottles and glasses. With one hand he holds brush and palette; with the other he lifts a green bumper full of Rhenish wine, looking honestly and gaily into the beholder's face, and pledging, as it were, the whole world. The portrait is characteristic of the man as well as of the artist, and the likeness most surprising. Herr Janssen has fully done justice to the picture; and we doubt not but that his fine and faithful engraving will be a welcome present to the many friends and admirers who, a year ago, had to lament the untimely death of Hasenclever.—*Athenæum*.

A COLOSSAL statue of Berzelius, the chemist, has just been cast and exhibited at the famed foundry in Munich.—A statue to General Drouot, by M. David, of Angers, was inaugurated at Nancy, on the 17th of this month, with great solemnity. The Berlin sculptor, Heidele, has just completed four colossal statues, of Galileo, Cartesius, Ottai von Guerite, and Newton, for the Mineralogical Museum.—*Athenæum*.

THE PAINTER'S LIFE—a life which, locked on under its brighter influences—is, perhaps, the most delightful that the varieties of human existence can present. It is refreshing, after

having enumerated the petty tribulations and small worldly crosses attaching even to the most successful study of Art, to turn to the contemplation of the abstract and intellectual charms, as well as of the real, practical advantages of this noble pursuit. Viewed in his relation to the other branches of Art—to literature and music alone—the painter enjoys many higher privileges, and suffers fewer anxieties, than either the poet or the composer. He is enabled, with comparatively little delay, to view his composition, at its earliest stages, displayed before him at once, in all its bearing, as one coherent, though yet incomplete whole. When dismissed as finished, it passes, fresh from the care of his hand and the contact of his mind, to a position where its merits can be easily judged, without taxing the time or risking the impatience of the public. It is then confided to the possession of but one—the individual who prizes it the most—not to be flung aside by the superficial, like a book, or to be marred by the ignorant, like a melody, but to be viewed by the most careless and uncultivated as a relic which they dare not molest, and as a treasure which cannot become common by direct propagation. Then, turning from the work to the workman, we find Nature presenting herself to his attention at every turn, self-moulded to all his purposes. His library is exposed freely before him, under the bright sky and on the open ground. His college is not pent within walls and streets, but spreads, ever boundless and ever varying, wherever wood and valley are stretched, or cliff and mountain reared. Poverty has a beauty in its rags, and ruin an eloquence in its degradation for him. His hand holds back from the beloved form that oblivion of the tomb which memory and description are feeble alike to avert. He stands like the patriarch, "between the dead and the living," to recall the one and to propagate the other—at once the interpreter of animating Nature, and the antagonist of annihilating death. Upon this subject, it was the often-expressed conviction of Mr. Collins, drawn from his own experience of the good and evil of his pursuit, that "the study of the Art was in itself so delightful, that it balanced almost all the evils of life that could be conceived; and that an artist with tolerable success had no right to complain of anything."—*Life of Collins*.

DAYLIGHT scenes are usually painted by inferior artists, with shadows resembling (because they are only painted at home), such as are never found but in rooms peculiarly lighted—these rooms being, moreover, seldom seen by any but painters. Hence, to those who are not accustomed to see groups of ploughmen, cattle, &c., &c., within doors, these pictures—though they know not how to express it—fail in producing the desired effect. For, although general spectators may not be so far acquainted with the minutiae of Nature as to be able to talk about them, the general characteristics are, nevertheless, strongly impressed on their feelings. This may be perceived, when pictures painted with a real knowledge of the peculiarities of daylight come before them; then, they instinctively declare their satisfaction by some such expression as, "There I can breathe."

How frequently do we find views of interiors of stables and cottages, not really differing in atmosphere, from pictures of mid-day and sunrise effects in the open air, where the glimpses of cloud and landscape without, visible through doors and windows, appear so dexterously lowered, as to form a delicious artificial half tint to a head placed in the middle of a room. If painters are too indolent to court Nature *ad infinitum*, their works should be described somewhat thus:—"No. 1, Cottages and Cattle"—in a painting-room. No. 2, "A Thunder-storm"—raised in the artist's study!—*Collins*.